

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and coosin *Glendower*, wil you sit downe?
And vncle *Worcester*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, heere it is; sit coosin *Percy*, sit good coosin *Hotspur*,
for by that name, as often as *Lancaster* doth speake of you, his
cheeke lookes pale, and with a rising sigh hee wisheth you in
Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as hee heares *Owen Glendower*
spoke of.

Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fire shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would haue done at the same season, if your
mothers Cat had but kited, though your selfe had neuer beene
borne.

Glen. I say, the Earth did shake when I was borne.

Hot. And I say, the Earth was not of my minde,
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shooke to see the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:

Diseased Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In strange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kinde of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the imprisoning of vnruely Winde
Within her wombe, which for enlargement struiuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe

Steeple, and molle-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this distemperature,
In passion shooke.

Glen. Coosin, of many men
I doe not beare these crossings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie shapes,
The Goats ranne from the Mountaines; and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,

These signes haue markt me extra
And all the courses of my life doe
I am not in the roll of common men
Where is the liuing, clipt in with
That chides the Banks of *England*
Which calls me pupill, or hath reach
And bring him out that is but *W*
Can trace me in the tedious wayes
And hold me pace in deepe expe
Hot. I thinke there's no man sp
He to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen *Percy*, you w

Glen. I can call Spirits from the

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can a
But will they come, when you do c

Glen. Why, I can teach thee coose

Hot. And I can teach thee coose
By telling truth. Tell truth, and sh

If thou haue power to raise him, br

And Ile be sworne, I haue power t

Oh while you liue, tell truth, and sh

Mor. Come, come no more of t

Glen. Three times hath *Henry B*
Against my power, thrice from th

And Sandy bottom'd *Seuerne* haue

Bootes home, and weather-beaten

Hot. Home without Bootes, and

How scapes he agues in the diuels n

Glen. Come, here is the Map, sha

According to our threefold order t

Mor. The *Arch-deacon* hath de

Into three limits, very equally:

England from *Trent*, and *Seuerne* h

By South and East, is to my part affi

All Westward *Wales* beyond the *Seu*

And all the fertile land within that b

To *Owen Glendower*: and deare coo

The remnant Northward, lying off